

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, NO. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES BANK.
Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, October 30, 1802.

The Castle de Warrenne.

A ROMANCE.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. VIII.

Truth seldom lies conceal'd in mystery;
Clearly to reason she reveals her light;
And errors vanish like a mist before her.

SAVAGE.

IN the morning, Lady Barome, to give more colouring to their tale, did not quit her chamber; and Matilda again apologized for the trouble they were obliged to give their host, who, now off his guard, occupied himself without much attending to her. This was all Matilda wished; and, seizing eagerly the first opportunity, she secured a sword and lance from the chancel, which with the utmost secrecy she conveyed to her chamber; the man trusting her to carry her comrade food.

At night they were again locked in, and lost no time in exploring the gloomy passage which they had passed the night before; they discovered the mysterious door from whence the figure had issued the preceding night; and Matilda, with desperate courage entered. The apartments here wore much the same air of desolation as the rest; but, passing a door which would otherwise have been undiscovered, a faint moaning caught their ear. With palpitating hearts they stopped to listen—the sound ceased. Again they proceeded; when they heard a quick rustling, and something in white brushed hastily past them, and darted the lamp from the hand of Lady Barome, who uttered a loud cry, and sunk

terrified to the ground. Matilda felt for her friend, when she found her arm arrested by an icy hand, while another passed slowly over her face:—her whole frame shook with a convulsion of horror. Again the small door opened, and the figure of the man re-appeared. Matilda instantly sprung forward, and, seizing him, flung him to the ground.

"Wretch! she exclaimed, with astonishing heroism, "what means all this?—Instantly surrender yourself, or expect no mercy!"

Revived at her well known voice, Lady Barome sprung from the ground, with all her power ran to the assistance of her friend, and recognized in their prisoner the person of their host; they each held a sword over him, while on his knees he supplicated for mercy. Matilda took her belt from her waist, with which she bound his hands, while Lady Barome did the same by his feet.

Their attention was quickly drawn from this object by one of a more extraordinary nature.—A tall, elegant figure, clad in white, appeared, and, throwing back a long veil, which concealed her face, discovered the meagre countenance of a woman: "sharp misery had worn her to the bone." Advancing towards them in haste, she exclaimed—"Brave youths!—I believe you to be my friends, and claim your protection for the injured Countess De Warrenne!"

Lady Barome ran towards the stranger (who was fearfully retreating), and exclaimed, in a voice of joy—"It is—it is my long lost Madeline—my dearest sister!"

Excess of happiness is seldom productive of fatal consequences, or such would have been the result of a meeting too pathetic for description.—Matilda, not quite so much intimidated, advanced to their trem-

bling culprit, and demanded, on the pain of death, who was in the house beside himself. The fellow declared solemnly himself was the only one, and promised faithfully to offer no resistance. Not perfectly satisfied with this, they secured him, as well as their united strength would permit, in a chamber, from which there was no outlet; and leaving him what food they judged necessary, they turned all their attention to Lady De Warrenne, who, to gratify their feeling concern, immediately began her narrative, as follows:—

"The news of your misfortune, my dear sister, weighed heavy at my heart; to augment my unhappiness, in a few short months a malignant fever deprived me of my husband. Barome had just escaped from Corfe Castle, and implored me that I would screen him, if possible from the malice of his enemies; of which I had the mortification, to learn, that my brother-in-law, Sir Authur, was the most inveterate. All would have succeeded to our wish; but Sir Authur, unfortunately, for reasons after disclosed, made his appearance here: the suddenness of his visit inexpressibly confused me, and the embarrassment which I laboured under was very visible. He seemed thoughtful and morose:—he took up his abode some time in the Abbey, under pretence of a wish to afford me consolation. At this time Barome was obliged to confine himself wholly to his apartment, and we only obtained interviews by stealth.

"One day we were mutually lamenting your misfortune, and mourning your unknown fate, when the voice of Sir Authur at the door, demanding admittance in no gentle tone, threw us into the utmost consternation. He repeated his desire in a voice still more authoritative, and William had just time to conceal himself under the tapestry, when de Warrenne, with furious

force, burst the door.—With calmness I demanded the occasion of this outrage, when Sir Anthur, with a look of malignant fury, insisted upon knowing with whom I had been conspiring. My change of countenance implied the truth of his accusation, and I sunk, overcome with fear, into the next vacant seat:—he took the advantage of my terror, and, raising the tapestry, discovered Barome, who sprung forward, and aimed at him with his sword. I find that Barome did not personally know his adversary; yet apprehension for what must ensue threw me into strong convulsions, which ended the contest, and Barome escaped. I was put to bed, and continued in the most alarming state till the next day, when I gave birth to a female infant.—I soon learned, to my inexpressible horror, that I was accused by Sir Anthur, of holding criminal intercourse with a domestic. Vain were my protestations of innocence, as I refused to disclose the name of the man found concealed with me."

Lady Barome wept at the sufferings of her sister on her husband's account; and Matilda, struck with a confusion of ideas, could scarcely refrain from interrupting the interesting recital.—Lady De Warrenne continued:—

"I was forced to endure still harder trials.—To my great surprise, the physician who attended me, one day presented me with a note containing these words:—

'Dear and generous Sister,

'My gratitude compels me to risque my life in your service. Could a discovery of myself avail, I would immediately reveal it; but I well know the decree of our suffering would be augmented by such a proceeding. I find that an infernal scheme is plotted against you; if you would mitigate its severity, hesitate not a moment in delivering your daughter to the bearer of this note. I am in waiting to receive it, and will carry it where you direct. Leave with it some memorial by which it may be recognized, and leave the rest to me.—I am safe—depend upon my fidelity.

'BAROME.'

"Thunderstruck with this intelligence, I hesitated not to comply with the injunction let the consequence be what it might. I therefore, hastily wrapped the child in a mantle, and, tying the little locket given to you at parting round her neck, directed the person to fly to our estate in Chantilly, and place it in the care of my old faithful servant Leonard du Pont."

Before another word was spoken, Matilda fainted in the arms of Lady Barome, when,

opening her vest, they discovered, suspended round her neck by a piece of ribbon, the identical locket!—No further confirmation was necessary to convince Lady De Warrenne, who flung herself upon the lifeless body of her child, and gave free vent to her luxury of joy in tears.

Matilda opening her eyes, fixed them on Lady De Warrenne, and sinking on her knees, implored her blessing.—"Never, never, my beloved parent," she cried, "will we be separated!—No more shall the barbarous Sir Anthur persecute us.—We will seek the king, and of him implore protection and redress."

This pleasing discovery unfitted them for any further conversation; and they agreed to defer the remainder of Lady De Warrenne's relation till they had contrived plans for their future disposal. Agreeably to her desire, the man was restored to liberty, who, in consideration of the great rewards offered him, consented to act entirely as they desired, only taking the necessary precaution of securing him when they retired to rest.

C H A P. IX.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,

"And every care resign;

"And shall we never, never part?"

"My life!—my all that's mine!"

SCARCELY had they composed themselves to rest, when they were alarmed by a loud clamour at the Abbey gates, as of several horsemen, who loudly called for admittance. Fear so totally overcame all the inhabitants of the Abbey, that neither had power to ask their business, each fearing it to be some one in pursuit of themselves.—They had not long to consider, for, with a tremendous crush, the outer gates were burst open, as were, immediately after, the inner, and, a large party of men entered the chancel.

Fear took from them all power of motion. Their apprehensions were raised to the most alarming height, when they heard the various footsteps ascending the staircase, and the voices of men in deep consultation. They had by this time thrown on a few clothes; and, the door of their apartment flying open, a party of armed men rushed in, who instantly started back on beholding three defenceless women.—A moment discovered all; and Matilda was prevented from falling to the floor by the supporting arms of De Lacy!—Her wandering senses were soon recalled by an exclamation from Lady Barome, of—"My Lord!—my husband!"—and instantly beheld her clasped to the bosom of her William, who long enamoured on his lamented Lady.

The recognition on all sides was joyous; and when Lady De Warrenne presented Matilda to him as his niece, and heiress to the house of Warrenne, he embraced her with rapture. Joylighted up the countenance of Valtimond, and congratulations in a manner that plainly indicated the interest he took in her fate. The ardour of his speech revived in her breast emotions, which, tho' they had subsided while engaged in soothing the misfortunes of others, had never been totally extinguished; and she cast her eyes to the ground visibly embarrassed. Till then they had not regarded the attendants who continued in the room, and who had stood amazed spectators of the foregoing scene. They were ordered to withdraw, and forage the Abbey, for wherewithal to make cheer, to which they were conducted by the man whom they had truly affrighted by breaking open his prison.—When they had withdrawn, mutual and heartfelt congratulations again passed, which soon subsided into curiosity to know the cause of this extraordinary revolution. Each agreed to relate what concerned themselves, and the Ladies having repeated their tale as before, Lady De Warrenne resumed:

"Fortunately I acted as directed; the faithful physician received the child, and conveyed it out under his cloak, unobserved. When he next visited me, he told me, that he had delivered it into the hands of my brother, and assured me, on his honour, of its safety. I now felt resigned to whatever fate awaited me, since my child was secure beyond the reach of Sir Anthur's malignity. My fortitude was soon, severely tried: De Warrenne entered my apartment one day with a malicious air, and seating himself opposite to me, said—

'So, Countess, I understand that you have sent away your child—May I demand the cause?'

"I answered him, with scorn, that I was in no wise accountable to him for my actions; that he was my guest, and, I was sorry to say, no longer an agreeable one at the Abbey.—He bit his lips, and muttered something inwardly, then rising, said—

'We'll, Madam, you may repent this:—in the first place, I desire you will deliver up to me the keys of your cabinet.'

"This I peremptorily refused. He gave me a look which almost annihilated me, and, securing the door, pointed a dagger at my breast. Terrified at his menacing aspect, I promised compliance:—he removed the murderous weapon, and, taking the keys from my trembling hand, he proceeded to open all my drawers; and, having ransacked

them over, tied all the papers together, and quitted the room, exulting in the prize which he had so treacherously obtained, and secured the door on the outside.

"Shocked at this inhuman treatment, I endeavoured to burst the door; my feeble efforts were insufficient, and, exhausted with rage and grief, I flung myself into a chair:—presently I heard some one at the door, and the man you found here entered, desiring to know what I wanted.—I desired to walk down stairs:—he shook his head:—

"No, no, Lady; not quite so fast. If that is all you want, you need not trouble yourself to make so much noise."

"He was about to depart;—I caught his arm, and falling on my knees, entreated him to tell me why I was kept a prisoner in my own mansion.—Great God! what was my agony when I found I was doomed to perpetual confinement; that I was looked upon as an adulteress, and as the murderer of my child; and that the base Sir Authur had seized upon all our extensive domains and property, in right of his brother, deceased, being myself considered as dead to the world!—It is miraculous that I preserved my reason under these complicated evils: I endeavoured to convince the man of my innocence; but he was too stupid, or too cunning, to heed my protestations; and I likewise found that he considered me as a lunatic. I, however, gathered from him at different times, that De Warrenne had given him a strict charge not to let me escape, nor to suffer any one to see me: neither was he permitted to quit the Abbey himself upon any account; what provisions were necessary being supplied from the market-town by a peasant boy, who put it through a small grating, without entering the Abbey. All ideas of escape being thus excluded, I had nothing left to do but endeavour to reconcile myself; and I looked forward with eagerness to the period when it might please the Almighty to terminate my wretched existence."

Here Lady De Warrenne ceased, and her auditors could not but admire the resignation she had displayed while suffering under the greatest affliction, and were no less grateful to providence for thus happily terminating them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OBSERVATION.

The present misfortune is always deemed the greatest: And therefore small causes are sufficient to make us uneasy, when great ones are not in the way.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Droll,

A TALE.

THREE poor strolling players, who with "a most plentiful lack of cash," were travelling to a certain village in England, to join their company, stopped at a small farm-house on the way, to purchase some milk for their dinners. They would certainly have sought a tavern, for not one of them was an enemy to good cheer, but it unfortunately happened that the wealth of the trio combined would not amount to a sorry half-crown piece, so they were fain to content themselves with the aforesaid simple beverage.

On leaving the house, one of them, who by his humour had gained the name of the *Droll* among his companions, seemed to be possessed with a sudden whim, and whipping up a cat at the door, conveyed it with the greatest celerity into a bag used by them to carry their theatrical robes in from village to village.—"And what in the world do you mean to do with the cat, Jack?" asked one of his comrades, when they had got some distance from the house:—"Your fingers on your lips," replied he, "do but join with me in what you hear me say," proceeded the *Droll*, "and you shall confess that 'Twas meat and drink for us to see a cat." His companions had often seen wonderful proofs of his invention and address, but were at a loss to guess how the poor mouser was to be meat and drink to them; however, on they jogged, he digesting his plan, and they wondering what it could be, 'till towards the close of day, they descried a handsome village, at the entrance of which stood a large tavern, with a red lion swinging in the air, and seemingly inviting them to come in. The *Droll* marched boldly up to the door, followed by his companions. "Show us," said he, as he entered, "into your best room, and prepare us for supper every thing nice you have in the house; in the mean time, while it is cooking, bring us a bottle of wine." "Yes sir, this way sir, this way, and the landlord ushered them into a neat room where the village club held their meetings. When the wine was brought, and the landlord gone to order supper—"By heaven, Jack, you'll ruin us," exclaimed one—"how in God's name do you think we are to pay for this banquet? You don't consider our exchequer!"—"Psha!" interrupted Jack, "puss shall pay for all—and moreover, you shall see, this supper will be the least of her catering."

Supper was served—a pair of fine fowls smoaked on the board, and with ham, tongue, &c. formed a dainty repast for our hungry travellers. "Come mine host," said the *Droll*, "you have furnished us a tempting table here, it is but fit you should partake of it." "With all my heart," replied mine host;—so down he sat, and I am veritably told, laid in his own viands with as keen a gout as any of the strangers. They had scarce began, when the *Droll* took his cat very carefully out of the bag, and holding her under his arm during the whole time of supper, conveyed alternately a mouthful to her, and then to himself, and so on, tho' always chusing the nicest bits for puss.

The landlord was surprized—but he was also hungry, so he kept in the one, 'till he had vanquished the other—he then ventured to say:—"I hope you'll excuse me, sir, but it's so singular for a man to think more of a cat than of himself, that a—"

"Your surprize is reasonable," said the *Droll*, "but when I have told you of her merits, as I mean to do; for I think, if I have any skill in physiognomy, you are a man of honour, (the landlord was reaching a tid bit to his mouth at this time, but he stopped to bow) your surprize will cease; this cat, holds as it were, my purse-strings, and I would not," said he, gently stroking her back, "part with a hair of her head, for the wealth of this whole village, nay, nor for the next to boot!"

The landlord laid down his knife and fork, and leaned over the table—his eyes now fixed on the cat, and now on the *Droll*, who went on with a very grave air:

"This cat, Sir, was reared in the wilds of Abyssinia, by a Hindoo Sage, who taught it the wonderful arts it possesses. He taught it—for what cannot a Hindoo Sage teach?" quoth the *Droll*, "to speak every known language!"

The landlord rose upon his feet.

"He taught it," continued the *Droll*, "to read the minds of men in their faces,—he taught it to look into futurity—not only to know things past and present, but things to come;—he taught—" Here one of his companions gave him a nudge, fearing he was going too far, but it was useless, for the landlord's wonder found a vent with—"My God! is it possible," he exclaimed.—"It is possible," replied the *Droll*, "but as you are a man of honour, let not a word that I have uttered pass your lips, for were it but known that I carried such a treasure, I should undoubtedly be murdered by some one wishing to possess it. For this reason, do I and my com-

panions travel in this plain garb—She has been exhibited but once since her arrival in England, and though it was at a vast distance from the metropolis, yet the king has heard of her powers, and it is by his command we are now on our way to his court to show his majesty wonders which I believe were never seen there before." The Droll ceased, and the landlord fell into a deep study.

It must be observed here, that the landlord was a droll too, in his way, or rather a politician; for whatever thing turned up, he would turn it down again, or up, or sideways, or some way or other, till he had turned it to his own advantage, or, as the phrase is, till he had turned the penny, and he was just considering, (if he could get the cat exhibited in his barn) what effect such a throng of people would have on his tap-room.—He found the effect to be in his favour, and broke silence:—

"If the king was not in a hurry," said the landlord—

"Aye, but he is," was the reply.

"And you could be prevailed upon to shew her here," went he on.

"The thing is impossible," quoth the Droll.

"I'm satisfied," cried mine host, clinching what he had said before, "the whole village would flock to see you!"

Here the landlord, like a true politician, turned the thing so, that while he looked full at one fair side of it; he held another side, full as fair to the droll.

And it seemed to move the droll—"But where," said he, "could I find a fit place to show her in, that might hold the whole village?"

"I've a fine large barn," answered Boniface.

The Droll hesitated—mine host urged—and the Droll, though with reluctance, consented. Bills were immediately issued, setting forth the intended exhibition of the wonder of wonders, "The Speaking Cat!" on the following night. Mine host's barn was filled with carpenters, &c. who under the direction of the Droll, soon transformed it into a rustic theatre. One of his companions was appointed to receive the money at the door; another, (who sometimes tortured the fiddle-strings) was to fill the orchestra, while the Droll himself undertook to tread the stage with Pussy.

At length the eventful night arrived.—The whole village, as was predicted, flocked to the barn. The fidler played, and in a few minutes it was full. The door-keeper finding no more came in, locked his door, and going round to the man in the orches-

tra, intimated that the audience was complete. The music ceased,—and the fidler and door-keeper withdrew together;—all was gaping expectation, when—forth advanced Monsieur the Droll dressed in all the pomp of tarnished lace and worn-out velvet. He held the mighty mouser under his arm, and as he gracefully came forward—spoke as follows:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen! before I exhibit the unheard of, unparalleled feats of this wonder and queen of her race, to this most brilliant assembly,—it is first necessary to crave your indulgence, if on account of the long journey she has taken, confined, she should, as I suspect she will be, rather more wild than she is wont."

"Aye, aye, begin, begin," cried some of the spectators.

"Come, Fetnah, my princess," said the Droll, "make your obeisance to the audience," and he put her down,—but lo! strange to tell! after standing a moment in stupid surprize, at the novelty of the scene, the mighty Fetnah flew like lightning up the side of the barn, till she had gained a cross joint, and thinking herself in safety, there stopped. "How! Fetnah!" said the Droll, "have you left your manners in India? For shame, come down, and tell these kind ladies and gentleman the news abroad."

"Mew!" was the only answer.

"What! will you not come down? Then I shall be constrained to use harsh measures with you, Fetnah!"

She shewed her indifference to the threat with another "Mew!"

"If you will force me to go, you know what it will be for Fetnah! come, come, my pretty Fetnah! come!"

"Mew, mew!" cried the cat.

"Then I *must* go," said the Droll, "Mind Fetnah, I go, I go. Ladies and Gentlemen, your patience for one moment," said the Droll as he went off.

The audience waited a considerable time to see what means he would use to make Pussy speak; but they might have waited till dooms-day, for immediately on leaving the stage, he had joined his two brothers in iniquity, and after fastening the doors, that they might gain time to get off—jumped into a hackney coach prepared for the purpose, and were out of reach in a twinkling.—The Droll had indeed left the mighty Indian Princess to console them, but as I never heard that she offered a single word for that purpose, in any language whatever,—this brilliant assembly, probably broke up and walked home without it.

LINDOR.

THE EVILS OF RESERVE IN MARRIAGE.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

BELIEVE me, Mary, that to the security of matrimonial felicity, no quality is more necessary than candour. All reserve, obscurity, or disguise, are productive of indifference, suspicion, or distrust. Let my example convince you of the necessity of perfect candour, and unbounded confidence in the conjugal union. There should exist such an unity of interest that every pleasure or pain should be common, and all separate enjoyment or suffering is an injury to its sacred rights.

The more exquisite the sensibility, the more tender the attachment, the more poignant the pain inflicted by distrust and suspicion.

My husband was a man of strong understanding, a thoughtful disposition, and tender heart: his temper was reserved and sedate, and he seldom, with his own accord, communicated either his pains or his pleasures, particularly the first; and the most acute mental or bodily suffering would be endured in silence, unless drawn from him by the inquiries of his friends. Yet, to few persons were the soothing of tenderness more acceptable, and there were few whose happiness was more dependent on the assiduous of affection. Such, too, was my disposition; delighting in the sympathies of love, yet withheld from ever seeking them, by an unconquerable diffidence and reserve.

His business kept him almost the whole day from home. His office was in the centre of the city; and, as our residence was at one of its extremities, the walk was long and wearisome. Indignant at all fraud, oppression, or injustice, his mind was perpetually harassed, and his temper fretted, by those iniquities of mankind to which his profession exposed him.

At the approach of evening I would trim my little fire, prepare the tea-table, and wait with impatience the return of my husband, whom I imagined, glad of a release from labour, would enter with a smiling face, embrace me with tenderness, and in some mode or other express his pleasure.

But alas! how different was the real from the imaginary scene! He enters, and throwing himself on a chair, is grave and silent. Mortified and disappointed, I ask not the cause of his silence, but pour out his tea, and hand it to him, with a countenance strongly marked by discontent and gloom. Thus passes the evening, in mutual, tho' silent suffering.

You, Mary, instead of waiting the salutation of your husband, would have hastened to the door at the sound of his footsteps, flown to him with a joy-enlightened countenance, and by tender inquiry would have learned the cause of any gloom which appeared on his face. Affected and pleased by these proofs of your affection, he would have explained to you any disappointment or disturbance that had happened; would have owned he was disgusted and wearied with the injustice he had met with, or the labour he had undergone. These, contrasted with the tranquil and tender pleasures you had prepared, would have endeared him to his home, and have made him forget the evils of society. You would have dissipated his chagrin, his cheerfulness would have returned, the sentiment of gratitude would have been added to love, and your hours would have passed in all the delight of mutual affection. But how different was the effect produced by my conduct! Fatigued, sick, and dejected, my husband had promised himself, that, on his return home, the glad welcome of a tender wife would have compensated for all he had suffered: but instead of this, he perceived only silence and melancholy. He knew his own feelings were obvious; yet they passed unnoticed. His peace of mind, he concluded, was of too little importance to interest his wife; for, certainly, if she had felt solicitude, there would be some expression of it. Disappointed in his anticipated pleasure, and offended by such apparent indifference, he was cold and distant in his manner; thus unknowingly increasing the cause of his own dissatisfaction by increasing mine. Had either of us made those inquiries, without which neither of us would speak, or had we candidly owned our suspicions of indifference, the evil would have been remedied. The incidents of each day, by producing some new cause for complaint, increased the difficulty of an explanation. As the cold blasts of winter congeal the flowing stream, so does neglect or indifference still the warm current of affection.

The sun will return and dissolve these icy bands, but each instance of unkindness removes to a greater distance the return of that confidence which alone can restore the warmth of love. Each day distrust increased, and removed the possibility of an explanation.

This reserve extended to the minutest concerns. I remember one day he brought from market a dish of which he was extremely fond, and ordered it to be dressed in a particular manner. Desirous of pleas-

ing him, I attended to it myself, and thought I should have been amply rewarded for this little trouble, by his satisfaction: when it came on the table, I watched him, expecting to hear him praise it, and thank me for my attention. He tasted it, and without saying a word, pushed it from him, and called for another plate. You will perhaps smile when I tell you, that my eyes filled with tears, and I was so choaked with emotion, that I could not articulate a word. My silence, my emotion, he construed into sullenness and anger. This naturally increased his displeasure. Had I but smiled, had I but spoken one word; or, when the tears flowed down my cheeks, had I allowed him to see them, and explained their source; it would not only have restored his good-humour, but, by discovering my fond desire to please, would have excited his tenderness. But this was impossible.

Now you, Mary, would have laughed, rallied him on being so difficult to please, assured him you had done your best, and good-naturedly have promised to have done better next time. He would have thanked you for your endeavour. With such a disposition as his, your desire to gratify him would have fully compensated for the loss of his dinner. How innumerable are the instances I could give you of the pain and the misery produced by this reserve of disposition! How many wakeful nights have I passed, weeping the want of the tenderness and confidence of my husband; while he, restless and disturbed by the evils incident to life, would tax me with cruelty for not inquiring into, and participating his disquietudes.

This reserve, which for years had been increasing, at last became a settled habit. My cheerfulness had entirely deserted me: I went into no company, and I received no visitors. My melancholy became fixed, and the little pleasure my husband found at home, induced him to seek it abroad. My tea-table used to wait in vain, no one came to partake of this evening meal. With my arms folded on the table, and my aching head laid on them, I sighed away my solitary hours. That keenness of feeling, which a heart unused to suffering experiences, was blunted by repeated strokes. The alternations of hope and fear gave place to the stagnation of indifference. The effort to please was lost in despair. Too restless to apply to foreign objects, my active mind preyed on itself, and left, at last, to perfect solitude, I sunk into an uninterrupted lethargy. I now saw my husband only during our hasty and silent meals: fond of social pleasure, and sprightly discourse, he spent

his evenings among those friends to whom his many virtues had endeared him.

Even on the bed of sickness, this mutual reserve and suspicion did not yield place to anxiety and tenderness, and these circumstances only increased the fever which silence inflicted. I was one day by his bedside, and offered something which was refused. It was the manner in which this was done that afflicted me: this manner, however, is indescribable. It seemed to me like an intimation that my attendance was irksome. I might have been mistaken. Pain and sickness might have been the cause. I did not, however, inquire, as at that time I had no doubt, but considered it as the proof of indifference. I was but little in his room: I left to others those attentions which I only should have paid. He never left that room, but there ended a life, many years of which might have been happy, but which were miserable. That sensibility which might have given birth to the purest and most exquisite pleasures, was, from the want of candour and explicitness, changed into an instrument of torture.

The happiest life is not exempt from moments of lassitude, weariness, perplexity, and distraction: whenever the countenance or manners indicate either, let the friend seek for the cause, and let confidence and plain dealing banish all distrust or suspicion. N.

From the Female Mentor.

MAXIMS OF FENELON, ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

"THE minds of children are similar to wax, which easily takes every impression. Endeavour to imprint a good choice of images on their minds, while the characters are easily formed, and when no bad impressions have been yet made.

"Begin early to teach children patience and docility, otherwise they will become violent and impetuous.

"Be as indulgent to them as possible; be not irritated by their faults, but pity their weaknesses. Suffer them to be gay and familiar before you, that you may know their real dispositions. Do not give them a distaste for religion by being too rigid; but rather describe it as it really is, beautiful, just and amiable.

"It is necessary to be strict with some children; but never employ severity, unless on urgent necessity, otherwise you will break their spirit, irritate them if they are

violent, or render them stupid if they are meek.

"Children are always imitating; this disposition produces infinite mischief when they are nurtured by persons of unamiable characters, but is sometimes productive of great advantage, as they may attain excellence from proper models."

"Most children are fond of ridicule; you should be careful therefore to repress this disposition; mimicking and acting the buffoon, convey the idea of forward and unamiable characters. Girls, in learning to draw, should not be permitted to sketch caricatures.

"Girls are passionately fond of things indifferent in themselves; to guard against this folly, do not too often promise, as rewards to children, either delicacies of eating, or ornaments for the person; the latter will give them a taste for what they ought to despise, the former will render them epicures.

"Children learn more than is generally imagined from conversation; they catch information imperceptibly, and often apply it properly: be careful therefore what you say before them.

"The female sex too frequently practise deceit to obtain their wishes: their tears flow readily, and their passions are lively. To prevent this evil, never expose them to a situation which requires artifice. Accustom them ingenuously to communicate their inclinations and sentiments upon all proper occasions; inform them, that rectitude of conduct and universal probity obtain more confidence and esteem, and consequently even more temporal advantages,

NOTE.

* The reader will be pleased to see the opinion of two eminent writers on this subject.

"Virtue and wisdom, like vice and folly, are contagious and a man may catch the spirit of moderation and freedom, as well as the spirit of persecution and bigotry, by conversing with men and books." JORTIN.

"There is nothing that tends more to give the mind its proper bias, than the company and conversation of those who have eminently distinguished themselves in the paths of honour and virtue. Something may be learnt even from the silence of a great man. Man is by nature imitative, and the power of example operates upon him by insensible but irresistible force. In morals, therefore, as well as in the fine arts, whoever would excel must have the works of the greatest masters in view; not indeed as constraining guides to be servilely followed, but as friendly luminaries that serve at once both to enlighten his path, and to kindle his emulation. It is thus the wise, as Homer sings, and our British bard repeats the song—

"The wise new wisdom from the wise acquire,
And each brave hero fans another's fire."

MELMONT'S CATO, Rem. 2.

than art or deceit. This judicious probity has raised many individuals to eminent situations.

"If girls do not apply early to things of some solidity, they will have neither taste for them, nor pleasure in them afterwards. A mother should by degrees represent to her daughter the advantage of rational application; but she should make the acquisition of knowledge rather a recreation, than a toil, otherwise she will cause the child to be disgusted with all improvement.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Miscellaneous Articles.

TURKISH MANNER OF MAKING COFFEE.

COFFEE, to be good, must either be ground to an impalpable powder, or it must be pounded as the Turks do, in an iron mortar, with a heavy pestle. The Turks first put the coffee dry into the coffee-pot, and set it over a very slow fire, or embers, till it is warm, and sends forth a fragrant smell, shaking it often: then from another pot they pour on it boiling water, (or rather water in which the grounds of the last-made coffee had been boiled, and set to become clear:) they then hold it a little longer over the fire, till there is on its top a white froth, like cream: but it must not boil, but only gently rise: it is then poured backward and forwards, two or three times, from one pot into another, and it soon becomes clear. Some put in a spoonful of cold water, to make it clear sooner; or lay a cloth, dipt in cold water, on the top of the pot. Coffee should be roasted in an open earthen or iron pan, and the slower it is roasted the better. As often as it crackles, it must be taken off the fire. The Turks often roast it in a baker's oven while it is heating.

TO MAKE YEAST IN THE TURKISH MANNER.

Take a small tea-cup-full, or wine-glass full, of split or bruised pease; pour on them a pint of boiling water; and set the whole in a vessel all night on the hearth, or any other warm place: the water will have a froth next morning, and will be good yeast.

At the time when the amazing run of the *Beggars' Opera* took place, the galleries were very vociferous one night in the call out "*Music, Music, Music!*" and observing that no performers appeared in the orchestra to answer their calls, they became more noisy and riotous: so much so, that the Manager desired Hall, who happened

to be standing near him, to step forward, and acquaint the audience, that there was no music *previous* to an opera. Hall, proud of the office from his self-conceit, immediately began to adjust himself, and in his peculiar manner walked on. He bowed most consequentially. "*Hear him! Hear him!*" was reiterated. At length silence permitted him to speak. With a variety of pauses, and his natural lisp, he proceeded:—"Ladies and Gentlemen—I am ordered by the Manager—that is—I beg leave—to inform you—Ladies and Gentlemen—that there is—*no music at all* in an Opera." A general burst of laughter ensued; and Hall, after a most submissive bow, strutted off, fully convinced he had executed his commission to the entire satisfaction of the manager and the public. [Lond. L. M.]

AN ADDRESS, SELECTED FROM A DICTIONARY, BY A GREAT LINGUIST.

Soon after the accession of Charles the second, he gave audience to an envoy from the Emperor of Morocco. The envoy's great talent was learning languages, and having by grammars and dictionaries acquired a *competent knowledge of English*, he wrote an address to the British monarch, which begins as follows:

"May you long enjoy your present *speculative* situation, and as a tree was once your *royal roost*, may a tree be always ready for your majesty. May you and your counsellors *hang together*, and may you never want any good thing which can be laid hold of. May your sceptre be strong in your royal hand, and may all your subjects fall down before it. May your progeny be numerous as the stars, and may the God of our fathers *pickle* your Majesty until the end of time."

Finding that to *preserve* was to *pickle*, this great linguist thought to *pickle* must be to *preserve*.

ONE of the Paris papers proposes as a remedy for *DUELLING*, that the man who kills his antagonist should be obliged to attend the funeral of the latter, that he may be compelled to witness the grief, and bear the reproaches of the sorrowful widow, orphans, and relations, which a pitiful point of honor has produced. *This idea is not bad.*

AN OLD SAYING MISAPPLIED.

ONE, who when ask'd, could not comply,
Exclaim'd, "I've other fish to fry."

A Frenchman, who overheard the saying,
Soon misapply'd it, this odd way in:

"I would do that which you do wish,
"But I must go and fry some fish."

THE learned Dr. West having married a lady by the name of *Experience*, who was very tall, being asked one day after his marriage, "what he thought of the married state?" replied, "that by long *Experience*, he found it was a good thing to be married."

THE wags of Paris say, that the ladies there show every part of their person but their face.—While those beauties that used to be covered, are displayed, the face is hid by a thick veil. We suppose that these *elegantes* show so much, that they are ashamed to show their faces!

MISAPPLICATION OF WORDS.

A Person giving an account of an entertainment to which he had been invited, said, that "the dinner was *desperate* well cooked, the wine was *terrible* good, Mr. ***** was *dreadful* polite, and his daughters were *cruel* pretty, and *abominable* fine."

Some weeks ago a young man coming in the stage from Baltimore to Philadelphia, entertained his fellow passengers with an animated description of a ball, which he had the honour of attending a few evenings before in Baltimore, and dwelt particularly upon the fine dress of the company—"But you must know," says the silly fop, (viewing himself with a complacency peculiar to vain minds) "that *these are not the cloaths I wore that night*!"—Match this! ve who exclaim so loudly against female vanity.

INTELLECTUAL DISCERNMENT.

From the "*Pleasures of the Imagination*."

WHAT then is *taste*, but the internal powers, Active and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform'd or disarranged, or gross
In species? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
But God alone, when first his active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul.

PHILADELPHIA,

OCTOBER 30, 1802.

Mr. Peale's sons on their tour through Europe to exhibit the skeleton of the Mammoth, we hear are arrived in London, and have received the polite attention of several of the learned and ingenious men of that city—they have taken the spacious Room formerly used by the Royal Academy in Pall-Mall, a few doors from Carlton House, the residence of the Prince of Wales, the *Shakespeare's Gallery*, the *Historic Gallery*,

and others in the same street, and is therefore in the fashionable Lounge. [Phil. G.]

A letter from Reading (P.) mentions the following circumstance:—"On the 11th inst. a duel took place here, between Mr. Samuel D. Franks of Philadelphia, and Mr. Anthony Morris of this town. One shot only was exchanged; Mr Franks received a ball in his right thigh, which penetrated about half through. By the assistance of a surgeon the ball was extracted within the space of an hour after it had entered; and in the course of ten days, several pieces of cloth and linen were also taken from the wound which had been driven in by the ball. Mr. Franks is now thought to be in a fair way of recovery." *ib.*

A Fire broke out in LIVERPOOL, on the evening of the 14th of Sept. which consumed a large range of Ware-houses, and destroyed property to the amount of from £.500,000 to £.700,000 sterling.

TADE, a small town in Germany, containing 182 houses, was entirely consumed by a fire which originated in a brew-house, on the 24th of August last.

Number of Interments in the Burial Grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, from the 1st to the 29th of October, ending each day at noon.

(Collected for the Board of Health.)

	Adults.	Child.	Total.
Oct. 1, to 22, inclusive,	128	40	168
—23,	10	5	15
—24,)	24	7	31
—25,)			
—26,	6	4	10
—27,	8	2	10
—28,	10	6	16
—29,	10	2	12
TOTALS,	196	66	262

Marriages.

MARRIED—On the 21st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Dr. *Nicholas Wyncoop*, of Newton, Buck's County, to Miss *Sarah Campbell*, daughter of George Campbell, esq. of this city.

—On the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Greor, Mr. *George Maxwell*, of Marple Township, Del. Co. to Miss *Elizabeth Cunningham*, of the same place.

—On the 24th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Collins, Mr. *Joseph Dill*, of this city, to the amiable Miss *Sarah Clayman*, of Easton, Pennsylvania.

Deaths.

DIED—On the 18th inst. Mr. *George Emerick*, of a short but severe illness.

—On the 19th inst. Mr. *Daniel Moynihan*, late of this city.

—On the 24th inst. Mr. *Charles Wharton*, son of the late John Wharton, esq. of this city.

—On the 25th inst. Mr. *Joseph Groff*, printer and bookseller of this city.

—At Abington, Penn. of which place he was a native, Mr. *Yubua Morris*, esq. in the 94th year of his age—he was many years a member of the Legislature, and a useful member of society among the people called Quakers.

—In Montgomery County, on the 17th inst. In the 26th year of her age, Mrs. *Margaret Cauffman*, wife of Mr. John Cauffman, after an illness of a few weeks.

—At Burlington, the 20th inst. In the 82d year of her age, *Rachael Offley*, widow of Daniel Offley, deceased—she was a native of Philadelphia, and much respected as an elder of the Women's Meeting of Friends in this city.

—At New-York, on the 19th inst. of a bilious intermittent fever, Mrs. *Frances Burrall*, wife of Mr. Jonathan Burrall, esq. cashier of the U. S. Bank, in that city.

—At Washington City, on the 24th inst. Captain *Gerdas Hall*, formerly a Clerk in the department of the Treasury of the United States.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. D. has again been unfortunate in selection—the Letter from a Quaker to his Wife, has been so often published, as to have lost entirely the fascinating charm of novelty.

The editor feels gratified in the general return of his former correspondents—X. W. T. came too late for this week; his series of Hymns will be again commenced on Saturday next, with No. X.

We also acknowledge the receipt of the following communications, which will be duly attended to—*Ode to Contentment*, by Florio—*Ode to an Infant*, by Orlando—*Sonnet, Summer's Morning*, by Carlos.

PROPOSALS,

FOR PUBLISHING A WORK, ENTITLED,
The FEMALE MENTOR:

OR,

SELECT CONVERSATIONS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

The following character of this elegant work, is extracted from the *Analytical Review*.

MISCELLANEOUS entertainment and instruction are here presented to the public under a new form. A select company of friends are supposed to meet once a fortnight, and each to bring something towards the common stock of information or amusement; for example, some biographical anecdotes, some historical relations, an essay on some subject, or a copy of verses.

These pieces, which are selected with judgment, and, as far as they are original, are drawn up with classical neatness, may afford such young ladies as have a turn for reflection an improving as well as agreeable amusement for a leisure hour.

CONDITIONS.

I. THE two volumes shall be comprised in one—to contain about 300 pages duodecimo, to be handsomely printed on a fine paper and good type.

II. The price neatly bound and lettered, will be one dollar; to be paid on delivery.—The subscribers' names shall accompany the work.

Subscriptions received at the Office of the Philadelphia Repository.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

....."Life is a dream." WATTS.

COME muse, with sable pinions hither bend!

And aid my feeble melancholy lays,

To pay the last sad tribute to a friend—

Yet small this tribute is which friendship pays.

Free from mortality's afflictive cares,

In earth's cold lap Maria rests her head—

Her aged parent sheds unnumber'd tears;

But tears, alas! cannot recal the dead.

Grief in my breast exulting holds her reign,

And with keen anguish preys upon my heart;

Bright recollection adds new pangs to pain;

Nought can relieve me from affliction's smart.

I bend, with sorrow o'er the new made grave,

Where lies Maria still to me so dear:

Repeated sighs within my bosom heave,

And from mine eyes oft rolls the burning tear!

Her heart, which once with brightest friendship glow'd,

Has ceas'd to beat for ever in her breast;

Her lips, from which once mild instruction flow'd,

Are by death's icy hand in silence press'd.

Each virtue which adorns the glowing mind,

She in an eminent degree possess'd;

Her conversation, gentle and refin'd,

Pleas'd all who with her company were bless'd.

She was her mother's only joy and pride,

The only prop of her declining age;

Though sickness oft her parent's peace destroy'd,

A daughter's care could ev'ry grief assuage.

Her life to save in vain was tri'd each art,

She sunk in all her tender youthful bloom;

Death, mask'd in slow consumption, veil'd his dart!

And sent an early victim to the tomb!

As the bright rose, array'd in op'ning bloom,

By some rude hand is levell'd with the ground;

So sunk Maria! in an early tomb,

When death, stern tyrant, call'd with awful sound!

Her sickness she with resignation bore;

Her only hope was in the realms above:

She long'd to gain that bright celestial shore,

Where dwells the great **ETERNAL**, *God of Love!*

Oft have I, with her, at the morning's dawn,

(When joyous nature hall'd returning light,)

With feet unwear'd trod the dewy lawn,

And gaz'd on ev'ry scene with fond delight.

Oft have I at that contemplative hour,

When night and silence clos'd upon the day,

Sat with her in the cool refreshing bow'r,

And in sweet converse pass'd our time away.

Oft have I seen her drop the silent tear

Of sympathy, at ev'ry tale of grief;

She plid mis'ry with an heart sincere—

Her hand was ever stretch'd with kind relief.

But ah! these pleasing short-liv'd joys are fled,

Which fond remembrance now recalls to mind;

Since dear Maria rests among the dead,

In ev'ry scene I nought but sorrow find.

Adieu! dear friend! to realms of endless bliss

Thy happy spirit now has wing'd its way!

To dwell for ever in pure happiness,

And taste the joys of an eternal day!

M. L.

ELEGY

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

SCENE—CHURCH-YARD.

TWILIGHT descends, and clothes in mantle grey

The herbag'd vales which late own'd sol's full pow'r;

Meek Nature muses at departing day,

And solitude awaits her favourite hour.

How still the scene—save where the zephyrs mild,

Creep thro' the wither'd foliage of the trees:

Whose murmurs, softly low, or pleasing wild,

Arouse the senses from inactive ease.

Now night hath strew'd her horrors all around;

Hush'd is the zephyrs voice—no more it charms;

Awful rude Boreas hurls along the ground

His deaf'ning blast, and waves his powerful arm.

Hoarse tho' the notes, yet fancy in mine ear

Whispers, while all my soul is fill'd with dread,

Soft is the bleak-wind, for it wakes no tear

O'er the cold relics of the silent dead.

No; the keen blast that shakes the throbbing heart,

When a fond parent, friend, has sunk to rest,

Is sympathy, is love's delirious smart:

Which swell with sighs the agonizing breast.

View, O my soul! those rising heaps of clay:

They speak this lesson—Timely be thou wise;

Like you our tenants once were young and gay,

But now death's awful hand hath clos'd their eyes.

Shall these then claim the tear?—Oh! hark that sigh!

It tells some kindred soul hath 'scap'd its mould;

Perhaps the hapless mourner lingers nigh

The hallow'd spot where lies the slumb'ring cold:

Blasted, perchance, while hope's expansive beam

Blaz'd with full glory round the victim's head;

Haply cut down, ere on life's sylvian scene,

Fortune had frown'd or blooming youth had fled.

Such was the fate of her, who, hush'd in death,

Nor lies entomb'd beneath yon tufted sod:

Who lately yielded up her latest breath,

To dwell in safety with her Maker God.

Stranger! if sad thou comest here to view

This place of tombs—O then before we part,

List to the story which I tell, ('tis true)

And bear the moral in thy tender heart.

Sweet as the rose, bestrew'd with dew-drops fair,

When morn's soft radiance breaks upon the grove,

Meek H— liv'd beneath her parents' care:

Their only joy, their tender hope and love.

From her mild dawn she strove with anxious care,

To gain applause by being virtue's friend;

From vain arts free she 'scap'd that hidden snare,

Which Batty'ry lays to gain its selfish end.

Firm in her duty—stedfast in her love

To parents kind, she all their cares begull'd;

And heav'n approving, bounteous from above,

Show'd richest blessings on their darling child.

But ah! stern death soon nipp'd the rose's bloom,

Soon call'd this angel from her shrine of clay;

Straight at the sound she rose beyond the tomb,

And soar'd to regions of eternal day.

Learn hence, gay worldlings, never to despise

Fair Wisdom's lore, but take the instruction giv'n;

'Tis she who marks the pathway to the skies,

'Tis she alone can point the road to heav'n.

And you, woe-burthen'd parents, vent your grief,

In gentle sorrow o'er your daughter's clay;

For soon shall heav'n in mercy send relief,

And drive your anguish and your tears away.

FLORIO.

REBUSES, &c.

From a Correspondent in Annapolis.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 296.)

11. One day in town, I chanc'd to meet
A thing that mov'd along the street,
Though it had neither legs nor feet;
Nor wings, nor head, nor tail; and yet
Of feather'd kind, and black as jet;
It could not fly, and yet I found
It touch'd not, in its course, the ground;
By two twin-brothers 'twas directed,
And each five passengers protected.
What I admired ten times more,
It mov'd on slow, yet kept before.
Now say what was the thing so black,
And you'll oblige your servant Jack.

12. Young ladies now give ear, I pray,
To one the most forlorn;
To share my fate, perhaps, you'll say,
O had I ne'er been born.

Your lovely image I've display'd,
Possess'd of life and breath;
Am flesh and blood, though always made
By the rude hand of Death.

Now to conclude my mournful lay—
Of mortal frame am I,
And feel the pangs of death I may;
Though some of us ne'er die.

* * Subscriptions for this Paper, are received at the Office, No. 51, South Third-street, price 6½ cents each Number, payable every four weeks; or 3 Dollars a year to those who pay in advance—Subscribers at a distance either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person in the City, to become answerable for the money as it becomes due.